

MS 12 13 14 15

death. Out - side, life is grim. Filled with smut and scan - dal to the

MS 16 17 18

brim. I sup - pose there may be room for Him.

*rit.*

MS 19 20 21

Frank - ly, I don't plan to hold my breath. But here with - in these

22 Gently and evenly

MS 23 24 25

walls, days are filled with grace, God is in His

*mp* *sim.*